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## Notices.

The "Musical World" is now published on SATURDAYS. Subscribers are respectfully reminded that a year's subscription, paid in advance, alone entitles them to a Ticket for the Concert in June. No musical entertainment, unless of essential importance to art, or of general and historical interest, can be noticed, if not advertised in our columns. No advertisements can be inserted in the current number after four o'clock on Thursdays. The first piece of music presented to the Subscribers will be an original Vocal Romance, by the celebrated Meyerbeer, never before published. The same number will contain a new translation of Burger's *Leonora*, written expressly for the "Musical World," by Mr. ALBERT SMITH.

## Don Quixote.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

Between the first and second acts occurs an interlude for the orchestra. A romance in E minor, subsequently given to Basilius, forms the basis of a movement of singular ingenuity, in which the composer's experience of instrumentation is effectively demonstrated. The curtain draws up and discloses a large room in the farm house of Rovedos. Rovedos chides his daughter for her disobedience. Quiteria endeavours to appease his wrath—which gives occasion for a ballad, "Calm those frowning looks, my father," in C, a simple and expressive melody, enriched by an orchestral accompaniment of great beauty. The situation recalls that of Bishop's pretty ballad, in *Aladdin*, "Are you angry, mother?" which Miss Stephens, the present Countess of Essex, used to warble with such exquisite sweetness. There is no resemblance, however, between the respective musical versions of the situation by Sir Henry Bishop and the composer of *Don Quixote*. Rovedos, unappeased by his daughter's entreaties, leaves her in despair, whereupon she sings a *cavatina*, involving the interrogatory, "Ah! why do we love?" As a single song we must pronounce this the happiest inspiration in the opera. Its melody, in E flat, is warm and gushing from the heart. Nothing more natural—nothing more tender and impassioned was ever conceived. The orchestral accompaniments are highly wrought. The song is divided into three parts. The first phrase in E flat—the two episodes, respectively, in A flat and C minor—and the *refrain* on the words, "Ah! why do we love?" recurring after each section with happy variety of treatment. The resumption of the first phrase, after the C minor episode, by the simple and natural progression of the sixth on C, and the 6-5-3 on D, in the key of E flat, on the expressive monosyllable "Why?" is of all imaginable beauty. The employ-

ment of the Neapolitan sixth—so designated by Dr. Crotch—is a felicitous trait in this lovely song, which, though it raises none of the ordinary traps for popular approval, creates an absolute *farore* on every occasion; no small share of the merit being due to the graceful style in which it is interpreted by the charming Miss Rainforth.

At this moment a number of the retainers of Rovedos enter, and amidst shouts of merriment, escort the Knight of the Ill-favoured Countenance in mock triumph on the scene. Don Quixote appears, ornamented with a profusion of garlands, and the black veil of Quiteria, which had been thrown over him by Basilius. A crowd of serenaders and domestics accompany him. The march and chorus, "Hail to the Champion!" in C major, is brilliant and magnificent. The orchestra, with astounding effect, pours forth its whole volume of brass, amid the din of drums and the clash of cymbals. From the sparingness with which Mr. Macfarren uses these noisy adjuncts, their appearance at this point, adds amazingly to the animation and grandeur of the scene. There is, moreover, a freshness and brightness about the march which enchains attention, and proclaims the genius of the composer. We can readily forgive the trumpet bit from "Non piu Andrai," to which our excellent contemporary, the *Morning Post*, has alluded in one of his elaborate and intelligent notices of the opera. The whole musical conception of this scene is admirable. The chorus, "Thou saucy little, hurly burly, tipsy coward slave," in which the unhappy Sancho, dripping from his recent ducking, is teased and tormented by the domestics, is full of character and bustle. The interest is admirably sustained by frequent changes of key, which keep excitement continually on the *qui vive*. A unison passage, in which the voices ascend until they suddenly and unexpectedly stop on the harmony of E major, is marvellously effective. This chorus is in C major, and is preceded by a short solo for Sancho, "There's a cunning old proverb," an exceedingly catching bit of quaint melody, in A minor. The following scene introduces Basilius, wandering at sunrise in the outskirts of the village. It is the morning of the wedding. Unable to conquer his feelings for Quiteria, Basilius resolves to return to the village, and make one desperate effort to regain her. He encourages himself to renewed hope in a song, "Life is an April day," in which the evanescence of mortal blessings and the fruitlessness of mortal aspirations are discussed. The song is a kind of *cavatina*, in D major, with a florid subject, an episode in the dominant key, and a renewal of the first *motivo*, with a *coda*. It is very effective and brilliant. A passage in the episode, accompanied by a counter-phrase, in reverse direction, from the stringed instruments, is charming. A good effect is also produced by the voice sustaining a high A, while the orchestra takes up the first subject. The song is beautifully instrumented, and is one of the best isolated pieces in the opera.

The fourth and last scene represents a sylvan retreat, with the village midway, and the *Siera Morena* in the distance. Groups of peasants, in picturesque costumes, present, amidst all the signs of approaching festivities, an animated *tableau* of rustic enjoyment. The trees are twined with garlands, to which are suspended festoons of flowers. A triumphal arch at the extremity of the stage, represents the entrance to this rural scene. A number of female peasants are dancing, and the second finale begins with a *bolero* and chorus. The *bolero* is in A minor, the chorus responds in C major, with a delicious pastoral phrase—Sancho enters with a wine flask in each pocket, and other signs of good cheer in either hand, and sings a solo, "No longer pipe, no longer dance," in F—the *bolero* in A minor is resumed, and the chorus re-enters with the same pastoral subject in A major—the whole forming a complete piece of characteristic writing that is in the highest degree agreeable and charming. The *bolero* is capital—worth all the *boleros* we have heard, since the *bolero* in *Masaniello*, and better even than that. Sancho's solo is full of quaint humour, and comes out in happy contrast with the *bolero* and chorus, of which it forms an episode. Nothing more compact and satisfactory could be contrived—and nothing more thoroughly manifests the care and experience of a musician. The entrance of Quiteria, decorated bride-wise, accompanied by Don Quixote, Rovedos, and Camacho, is hailed by a bridal chorus, in E flat, "Hail to the beauteous fair"—a round, commencing with an exquisitely flowing melody for the sopranos, which is subsequently taken up by the tenors and basses in succession. Of this chorus we would rather not say more until we hear it better performed. The chorus of our English theatres are hardly accustomed to anything *canonic* or imitative, in the musical way. When the bridal procession has finished, Don Quixote takes a cup of wine, and pledging the bride, in a recitative and air. The recitative, "Bring here a bowl," is pompous and grandiose. The measured march of the orchestra, in a succession of resounding chords, is highly majestic. The recitative is altogether a fine specimen of florid declamatory music. The air, "When Bacchus invented the bowl," in G major, is a true inspiration of genius. It breathes the Handelian spirit throughout, excepting only the transition into B flat, that occurs in each verse—quite a modern trait, but not the less beautiful. The responses of the chorus are in fine keeping, and add to the effect of this truly magnificent song. A general shout acknowledges the pledge so gallantly enforced by the Knight of La Mancha, when lo! a strain of soft music is heard, and the Vicar enters, with his appropriate suite, to perform the marriage ceremony. A hymn, "Breathe the song of praise and prayer," sung without accompaniments, is a charming piece of choral harmony, in C major. During its performance Quiteria is led towards Camacho, and the Priest is preparing to join their hands, when suddenly the voice of Basilius is heard outside, uttering a melancholy ditty—

I quit my pillow, beneath the willow,  
The mournful willow tree,  
To view these bowers, whose blooming flowers,  
Alas! bloom not for me.

He enters with his hair dishevelled, a cypress wreath on his head, and a willow branch in his hand, with all the insignia of madness. His appearance creates surprise and dismay. He approaches Quiteria, and takes her hand, when Rovedos separates them, upon which they appeal to the valorous Don Quixote, and implore his succour, but in vain—the Knight of the Woful Visage declining to advocate filial disobedience. Upon this, Basilius, in despair, draws a dagger from his side,

plunges it, apparently, into his bosom, and falls, to the astonishment of all present. While prostrate, Basilius, in a failing voice, petitions that one grace may be accorded him ere he die—that he may fulfil the long-cherished vow of his heart, and be united in holy bonds to Quiteria. Pity for his condition, and the entreaties of Don Quixote and Sancho, induce Rovedos and Camacho to grant the dying man's request.—Accordingly the Vicar joins their hands, which evidently gives the greatest comfort to Basilius. Suddenly, however, at the moment when they imagine he is going to give up the ghost, the cunning lover jumps upon his feet, pulls out the dagger from his bosom, together with a sponge, dipped in red wine, in which he had thrust the murderous instrument, gives both to Sancho, and hums, in triumph, a roudade of satisfaction and content. A row ensues, which threatens to end in a general fight. The peasants, armed with staves, take the side of the united lovers—the guests draw their swords in favour of Camacho, when Don Quixote, followed by Sancho, and armed with his unwieldy lance, rushes between the opposing parties, puts aside their weapons, and proclaims an armistice, in these words:—

Quix. Hold, all! a truce—an armistice—yea, I command a general pacification; for by the laws of chivalry and honour, in love, as in war, stratagems are allowable!

And so it should be in all propriety—and so they all agree it should be—and so the opera ends with "Forgive and Forget," and a joyous rondo, sung by the happy Quiteria, and echoed in responsive strains by the principal actors and the chorus. The curtain falls upon the praises of Don Quixote:—

Long life and pleasure each generous heart requite!  
Viva! Don Quixote, La Mancha's famous Knight!

The whole of this is embodied in the music. The song of Basilius, in E minor, after the chorus in C, is introduced by a beautiful stroke of art, which we shall exemplify in our general review of the music. The melody itself is exquisitely plaintive—and but for the modern and masterly accompaniments, we might have imagined ourselves listening to some lovely old national air—a melody of early days, that sleeps upon the ear, and tires it with sweet unrest. The granting Basilius' petition, which is embodied in a most passionate and beautiful solo in C sharp minor, gives occasion for a magnificent *sestet*, in F major, one of the finest pieces of music in the whole opera. The modulation to this key, by the change of C sharp to D flat, and the employment of the extreme sixth on D flat, descending upon the six-four on C, is also worthy notice. The fight is depicted by a noisy and bustling strain from the orchestra. The Rondo of Quiteria is exceedingly effective. The melody is naïf and sparkling; the choral responses are animated and brilliant. The air is florid, but essentially vocal; the key is A major—the key of the overture, from which the *coda* re-introduces several reminiscences, with great propriety. Our general remarks upon the vocalists, and a detailed analysis of the music, must be reserved for next week. Meanwhile we are delighted to record the triumphant success of this great and classical achievement of an English composer and a compatriot.

MACFARREN'S DON QUIXOTE.—(From the *Atlas*).—Every successful production of a new English opera carries with it a profit far beyond those pecuniary considerations which immediately affect composers, authors, managers, and publishers. It helps forward that much desirable consummation, the public recognition of English opera as a customary and

legitimate source of enjoyment,—its establishment, in short, as a kind of theatrical necessity, to dispense with which would be at once offensive to public opinion, and degrading to metropolitan dignity. Until this shall be fully accomplished—until, in a word, it shall become *fashionable* to talk about, listen to, and support national opera, little else than up hill work will be the portion of English composers, and those, who knowing their worth, undertake to fight their battles. But that all this must take place if England be ever to rank among essentially musical nations, nothing can be more certain, and, as it seems to us, obvious. The universal history of all such matters shows us that art of any kind can only be developed in proportion to the demands made on its energies. Not only will talent grow faint and weary of production, if the longed-for wreath of victorship be shrouded in the mists and doubtful perspective of what years may bring forth; but art itself may languish, young enthusiasm and bright promise may sink into utter uselessness—into mere memories of what might have been—for the want of that apparently common-place, but really vital, element of success, enough of *practice* in the artist-work to be done. In this latter particular our rising composers are most direfully circumstanced. Let us not forget that England was *once*, at least, musically famous. Her madrigalists and church-writers acknowledged no superiors in the world. But this, in our belief, purely because the madrigal was then the *fashion*—the pet of the court and nobility, and the sole recreation of all amateurs; and because the cathedral choirs were comparatively at least, in so glorious a condition of efficiency, that while it was the church-musician's duty to produce for their use, their noble performance of his works inspired his genius to grapple to the utmost with the difficulties of his art. Thus, the constant demand enforced as constant *practice*; and thus music flourished. But how differently do matters now stand! We know not what Mr. Hullah may do towards recreating a universal appetite for part-singing, but the prospect for church-music, at least, seems all but irretrievably clouded. The shameful rapacity of caputular bodies has so degraded the character as well as the numerical strength of their choirs, that the modern musician would rather avoid than seek their assistance. At present then, our music must look to the theatre alone for effectual encouragement and discipline. These, it is true, have been hitherto conceded but sparingly, and in a direction, too, but little calculated to school the tastes or call up the better faculties of our musicians; but we live in hope, and that hope justified, we must believe, by the slowly ripening colour of events. In this sense it is that we hail exultingly the successful production of every new English opera. We regard it as one more *wedge* driven into the granite front of coldness and prejudice, and which must—all things going prosperously—ere long, fall asunder and leave free passage for the musician to employment, to *practice* in his art, and thence assuredly to an excellence which *need not* be elsewhere surpassed. Not that we look on the *present* condition of our operatic theatre as at all fitted to become the composer's stalking-horse to fame:—its slender and ill-assorted *matériel* of every kind, its strange system of discipline, and its thoroughly English spirit of carelessness on all musically vital points, disqualify it for assuming the exponents of a national school of art. These faults—not faults of the particular theatre or time, but of all English habit and system—may, however, be speedily amended. Let but the least side-wind of approving fashion light on English opera—let the public but evince any settled intention of regarding it as a national and indispensable amusement,

and, from the sheer necessity of the case, we may yet hear in Drury-lane Theatre a band, chorus, and *corps* of vocal principals, worthy alike to honour and be honoured by a grand opera. If, however, *any* successful opera, no matter what its artistic merit, be a boon in the sense above referred to, the advantage is prodigiously enhanced when accruing from such an instance as Mr. Macfarren's "Don Quixote," which was produced on Tuesday evening. This opera, if we mistake not, must be deemed an event from which much of after success will date. Since the production of Mr. Barnett's "Fair Rosamond" and "Farinelli," it cannot be questioned that the vital interests of English opera have retrograded. There has been latterly, indeed, a plenty of dramas filled with vocal music, but nothing of which the style could dub it a *grand opera*. Public taste has been obsequiously consulted rather than manfully taught; the composer has thought rather of his pocket than of his art. "Don Quixote," then, takes up the course where "Farinelli" left it;—it resumes the experiment as to what extent the public will permit itself to be interested in music which follows no vulgar prescription, violates no dramatic propriety, and inflicts no artistic stigma on its author. From Mr. Macfarren's known independence of thought, and inflexible adhesion to his own standard of intrinsic excellence, it was at once to be predicated that no vision of popularity would tempt him to wilfully indite rubbish for *encore's* sake, to descend to a maudlin prettiness at the expense of dramatic truth,—in fine, to lend his pen to a single bar not authorised by his judgment. If the public was to have music light, airy, and captivating at first sight, it must spring naturally from the situations of his *libretto*—where these led him, thither and no where else, would he go. And exactly thus has it proved with his "Don Quixote." It has been the experiment of a thoroughly right thinker—novel from seven years disuse—but, we rejoice to say, it has completely succeeded. The public not only listened attentively, but received with delight the volume of beautiful things this opera contains, and the result must have been as gratifying to the composer, as it undoubtedly was to every musician of true and liberal feeling in the theatre.

Never was success more thoroughly deserved, because never has it been more honestly and artistically achieved. To speak of "Don Quixote" as a "fine opera," conveys no impression of its peculiar excellences, nor of the almost innumerable points of musicianship by which it is so widely distinguished from the merely, and designedly, *popular* works of the day. The exquisite unity, consistency, and purity of its style, its perfect dramatic expression, its great development of fresh and unworn thought, its masterly instances of constructive power—of which we may quote, by way of example, the first *finale*, as quite equal in symmetrical form and continuity of interest to any similar achievement of modern times—and the vigour and musician-like certainty with which all its materials are vitalised in the orchestra, are all matters that substantiate it as the work of a greatly accomplished artist. And this not the less that it makes no pretension to what is ordinarily and vulgarly deemed "grandeur." The drama demands precisely that length and breadth of style adopted for it, and no other; and this truthfulness and consistency of musical rendering is one of its most notable charms. Not only is this life-like integrity of manner at once apparent on the general aspect of the work, but it even grows brighter and more vivid as we question it in detail. Take, for example, the quaint and



admirable conception of Don Quixote's isolated posture among the other characters of the drama—the enthusiastic dreamer of bygone ages surrounded by the bustling denizens of the living world of fact—how simply and forcibly expressed by assigning to the pseudo-knight a style of music as far separated by its antiquity from that pervading all the other portions of the score, as were the chivalrous provocatives of the Don's madness from the age in which Cervantes made him live! In this general estimation of the opera we may seem to have been speaking very big words about what may, to some, appear a small matter. Nevertheless, we have a stout faith in our perfect ability to justify them when we come to discuss "Don Quixote" in detail—which, as it may lead us into considerable length, we must defer until next week. Meanwhile we earnestly counsel all music-loving people who have not heard "Don Quixote," to hear it; and those who have heard it we as strenuously advise to hear it again—it will improve wonderfully with acquaintance.

## Chevalier Gluck.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE YEAR 1809.

(From the German of Hoffmann.)

THE Autumn in Berlin generally closes with a few fine days. The sun gracefully steps out from behind the clouds, and quickly evaporates the humidity of the cool air which blows through the streets. Then you may see a long and variegated row of *elegants*, industrious citizens with their good wives and dear little children, in Sunday clothes, clergymen, prioresses, clerks, filles-de-joie, confessors, dress-makers, dancing-masters and so forth, pass through the linden-trees to go to the Zoological-gardens. Every place at Weber's and Klaus' is soon occupied. The Mocha coffee smokers, the *elegants* light their *cigarros*, every one is talking and arguing either about war and peace, about the shoes of Madame Bethmann, whether the last she wore were blue or green, or about the rate of the funds and commerce, &c., &c., until it all melts away into an air from *Fanchon*, with which a discordant harp, two ill-tuned violins, a consumptive flute, and a spasmodical bassoon, are tormenting themselves and their listeners. Close to the railings which separate Weber's from the High-street, stand a few little round tables and garden chairs; here one can breathe fresh air, can see the people passing to and fro, and at some distance from the cacophony of the cursed orchestra aforementioned. Here, then, I take my seat, and giving myself up to the easy play of my fancy, which brings before me friendly forms, with whom I converse upon science, upon art, and upon everything which is dearest to mankind. The crowd of promenaders waves gradually more gay before me, but nothing disturbs me; nothing can drive away my fantastic company—only the cursed trio of a most abominable waltz tears me from my world of dreams. I can only hear the shrieking treble of the violin and flute, and the growling bass of the *fagotto*; they run up and down, holding fast to one another, in octaves, which pierce my ears, and involuntarily, like one who is seized with violent pain, I cry out:

"What frightful music! those vile octaves!"

I hear some one mutter near me:

"Cursed fate! another octave-hunter!"

I look up and remark, for the first time, that a man, before unobserved by me, had taken a place at the same table, and is staring at me—from this man I cannot now take my eyes. I never saw a head, never a form, which so quickly made so deep an impression on me. A fine broad open forehead, remarkably elevated over bushy half grey eyebrows, and under which eyes shone with an almost wild and youthful fire, (the man might have been over fifty.) His tenderly formed chin contrasted singularly with his closed mouth, and a scurilous smile, produced by the singular muscular play of his shrunken cheeks, appeared very opposite to the deep melancholy seriousness which rested on his brow. But a few grey hairs lay behind his large ears, which projected far from his head. A very large modern over-coat enveloped his haggard form. So soon as my eyes met his, he turned his head on one side, and continued the occupation which my exclamation had probably interrupted. He was shaking out some snuff from different little pieces of paper with visible gratification into a large box, and was moistening it with red wine from a small decanter. The music left off; I felt the necessity of speaking to him—

"It is good that this music is over," said I, "for 'twas insupportable." The old man just gave me one glance, and turned out the last paper of snuff into his box.

I began again: "It would be better if they did not play at all. Are you not of my opinion?"

"I have no opinion," said he; "you are a musician and a connoisseur by profession."

"You are wrong: I am not both. I learnt formerly the harpsichord and thorough-bass, as a thing belonging to a polite education; and there, among other things, they told me, that nothing produced a worse effect than when the bass proceeds in octaves with the treble. I received this opinion then upon the authority of others, and have since always found it confirmed by my own observation."

"Indeed?" he interrupted me; and rising, walked slowly and deliberately towards the musicians, whilst occasionally, with his head towards the skies, he struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, like some one who wishes to awaken some recollection. I saw him speak to the musicians, whom he treated with a dignified imperiousness. He returned, and had scarcely sat down before they began to play the overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*. With eyes half closed, and with his arms crossed on the table, he listened to the *andante*; and moving slightly his left foot, he marked the time. Now he raised his head, turned his eyes round quick, and with his left hand resting on the table, with the fingers of it spread out as if he were about to strike a chord on the harpsichord; he raised his right hand in the air, exactly as if he were a conductor who is giving the orchestra the time of the other movement; the right hand falls, and the *allegro* begins; a burning glow flies over his pale cheeks; his eyebrows roll on his wrinkled forehead; an inward fury inflames his wild eyes with a fire which by degrees ruins the smile which yet hovered round his half-opened mouth. Now he leans back; his eyebrows are composed; the muscle-play returns to his cheeks; his eyes glitter; a deep inward sorrow gives way to a joy which seizes and shatters every nerve. He draws his breath deep from his breast; drops of perspiration are on his forehead; he marks the commencement of the *tutti* and other chief points of the piece; his right hand does not leave off the measure; with his left he pulls out his handkerchief, and passes it over his face. So did he animate with flesh and colour the skeleton of the overture which these two violins gave. I heard the soft melting lament with which the flute rises when the storm of the violins and basses is appeased, and the thunder of the cymbals ceases; I heard the light sounding tones of the violoncello and of the bassoon, which fill the heart with inexpressible melancholy; the *tutti* is repeated, and the unison proceeds majestically and grand like a giant; the feeble lament dies under his pulverising steps. The overture was finished; the man let fall both arms, and sat with his eyes closed, like any one whom an excessive effort had unnerved. His glass was empty; I filled it with Burgundy, which I had ordered in the mean time. He sighed deeply, and appeared to wake from a dream. I compelled him to drink; this he did without ceremony, and while he topped down the whole glassful at one draught, he cried out:

"I am contented with the execution; the orchestra played bravely."

"And yet," I said, "only feeble outlines are given of a work which was finished in splendid and brilliant colours."

"Am I right?" asked he, "you are no Berliner?"

"Quite right; I only stay here occasionally."

"The Burgundy is good; but it's turning cold."

"Let us then go in-doors and finish the bottle."

"An excellent proposition. I do not know you, and you don't know me. We won't ask one another's names—names are sometimes a bore, I am drinking good Burgundy—it costs me nothing—we get on well together, and everything is as it should be."

He said all this with a good-humoured heartiness. We entered the room. When he sat down he unbuttoned his coat, and I observed with astonishment that he wore underneath it an embroidered waistcoat with long skirts, black velvet breeches, with a very small silver sword.

"Why did you ask me if I was a Berliner?" I began.

"Because in that case I should have been obliged to have left you."

"That sounds enigmatical."

"Not in the least—so soon as I tell you that I am—yes! that I am—a composer."

"I do not yet understand."

"Then pardon my exclamation, for I see that you do not at all understand Berlin and the Berliners."

He rose, and walked a few times hastily up and down the room; he then went to the window and sang, hardly perceptibly, the chorus of priestesses from *Iphigenia in Tauris*; while here and there, at the commencement of the *tutti*, he tapped the window with his fingers. I remarked with admiration that he gave certain other turns to the melodies, which struck me by their force and novelty. Quite amazed at the singular

conduct of the man, and this fantastic exposition of a peculiar musical talent, I could not speak a word when he had finished and returned to his seat. After some time he began:—

"Have you ever composed?"

"Yes, I have essayed a little in the art; but I found everything which I, as it appeared to me, had written in moments of inspiration, afterwards very dull and tiring: I then, therefore, left it alone."

"You did wrong; for the mere execution of a few attempts is no bad sign of your talent. As a boy, one learns music because papa and mamma wish, and thereupon the harpsichord begins to jingle, and the fiddle to squeak; but the mind becomes insensibly susceptible of melody. Perhaps the half forgotten theme of a ballad was the first proper idea, and this embryo, nourished by foreign powers, is used by the giant Genius, who consumes everything around him, and transforms it into his own marrow and blood. Ah!—how is it possible even to notify the thousand methods by which one attains to composition? It is a broad highway, whereon every one rolls about crying and shouting. 'We are the chosen ones: we are the elect: we have reached the sublime.' The entrance to the kingdom of Dreams is through an ivory gate; but a few see the gate, and still fewer pass through it. Everything there bears a fantastic appearance. Bizarre forms flutter hither and thither; but they have character. They do not show themselves on the highway—they are only to be found behind the ivory gate. It is difficult to come from this kingdom—huge monsters block up the way; it turns—it twists. Many dream away their lives in the kingdom of Dreams; they melt into a dream; they cast no longer any shadow, or they would otherwise have perceived the ray of light which pervades this kingdom; but only a few awake from their dreams, rise up, and cry through the kingdom of Dreams. They are arriving at truth; the lofty moment is at hand—the contact with the everlasting, the inexpressible. See the sun!—she is the tri-tone, from which is harmony. Like stars, they shoot down, and spin round you with threads of fire. You lie there changed to a chrysalis, until Psyche is raised to the sun."

At these last words he sprang up, and threw his eyes and hands up into the air. He then sat down, and emptied quickly the glass which was presented to him. Then commenced a silence, which I would not interrupt, so as not to take him from his course of thoughts. At last he continued, in a calmer manner:—

"When I was in the kingdom of Dreams, a thousand sorrows and anguishes tormented me. It was night, and the grim visages of the monsters who stormed round me frightened me, at one time sinking as they did into the depths of the sea, at another flying to the skies. Their rays of light darted through the darkness, and these rays were sounds, which surrounded me with a lovely clearness. I woke from my torments, and saw a large bright eye, which shone in an organ; and as it shone, sounds rose up, which glittered and wound themselves into such splendid harmonies as I had never imagined. Melodies streamed up and down, and I swam in this stream, and was about to sink, when this eye looked on me, and held me up over the roaring waves. It was again night; and two colossal figures, in glittering armour, advanced towards me—Tonic and Fifth; they dragged me up, but the eye laughed:—'I know not what fills your breast with longing. The soft, tender youth Thirl will supplant these giants. You shall hear his sweet voice, see me again, and shall hear my sweet melodies.' He stopped."

"And you saw the eye again," I asked.

"Yes; I saw it again. For years I sighed in the kingdom of Dreams there—yes—there. I sat in a splendid valley, and heard the flowers sing with one another. Only one sun-flower was silent, and bent sorrowfully to the ground its closed chalice—invisible bonds drew me towards it—it lifted its head—the chalice opened—and from it the eye shone upon me. Now sounds passed like rays of light from my head to the flowers, which greedily absorbed them. Larger and larger the leaves of the sun-flower became; fires streamed out from them—they flowed round me; the eye disappeared, and I was in the chalice."

At these last words he sprang up, and with quick, active steps he hastened from the room. In vain I waited for his return; I then determined to go towards the town.

I was already near the Brandenburg-gate, when in the dark I saw a tall figure walking, and I soon recognized this extraordinary and original character. I spoke to him:

"Why did you leave me so quickly?"

"It was too hot, and *Euphony* began to sound."

"I do not understand you."

"So much the better."

"So much the worse, for I should much wish to understand you."

"Do you then hear nothing?"

"No."

"It is over; let us go. I am not exactly fond of company—otherwise—but—you do not compose—and are no Berliner."

"I cannot fathom the reason of your prejudice against the Berlin people; a place where the art is esteemed and practised to so great a degree, I should think, must be agreeable to a man of your artistic spirit."

"You are wrong. To my sorrow I am damned here like a departed spirit to wander in the desert."

"In the desert?—here in Berlin?"

"Yes; around me here all is desert, for no spirit of affinity presents itself to me. I stand alone."

"But the artists?—the composers?"

"Away with them; they criticise and refine everything, even to the finest mediocrity. They rummage through everything to find only one poor idea; but to chatter on art, or on artistic genius and the like, they cannot arrive at; and if they can only bring to light but two ideas, a terrible coldness proves their immense distance from the sun—it is the work of L-planders."

"Your sentence appears to me much too severe; at least you are contented with the splendid productions at the theatre?"

"I with difficulty persuaded myself once more to go into the theatre to hear my young friend's opera—what's the name? Oh the entire world is in that opera. Among the gay and glittering crowd of men rage the spirits of *Orpheus*. All have here a voice and an almighty sound. Devil! I mean Don Juan. But the overture, which was muddled throughout prestissimo without sense or comprehension, I could not endure; and I had prepared myself for it with fasting and prayers, for I knew that the *Euphony* of that immense work is too exciting, and of impure influence."

"If I must admit that Mozart's master-works are here in a great measure neglected in an almost inexplicable manner, at least you must rejoice at the worthy representation of Gluck's works?"

"What? I wanted once to hear *Iphigenia in Tauris*. When I entered the theatre, I heard that they were playing the overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*. Hem! thought I; a mistake—they are playing the other *Iphigenia*. I was astonished at hearing the *andante* with which *Iphigenia in Tauris* begins, and then the storm. There is an interval of twenty years between them! The whole effect is lost; the entire exposition of the tragedy is spoilt. A calm sea—a storm—the Greeks are cast on the shore, and the opera begins! What! Did the composer write it all in sixes and sevens, so that, like a bit for the trumpet, it might be blasted out where and how one pleases?"

"I admit the error; at the same time they are doing everything to extol Gluck's works."

"Yes," he said shortly, and smiled bitterly and ironically. He rose suddenly, and nothing could stop him. He disappeared, as it were, in an instant, and many days after I looked for him in vain at the gardens.

Some months had passed, when on a cold, rainy evening I was hastening from a distant part of the town to my residence in the Frederick-street,—I had to pass by the theatre; the roaring music of the trumpets and cymbals reminded me that Gluck's *Armida* was being performed, and I was on the point of going in, when a singular monologue, close to the window where one can hear almost every note of the orchestra, excited my attention.

"Now the king enters; they are playing the march; now then cymbals—bang! twang! lively enough. Yes, they must have it eleven times to-day. Maestro—ha, ha! drag away fools! Fie, there's a figurante hanging behind with his sash untied—the twelfth time! and always thundering out on the dominant. O, you everlasting powers, is this never to be finished? Now he pays his compliments—*Armida* returns thanks. What, once more; there are two soldiers missing; now then they are all forward, and rattle out the recitative. What evil genius has sent me here?"

[To be continued.]

## Dramatic Intelligence.

FRENCH PLAYS.—We are not inclined to be fastidious in the present dearth of dramatic works—we would encourage, and not damp, the ardour of such as aspire to accomplish the *utile dulci* on the stage; but we wish to see the attempt made in good earnest, and must protest against the rubbish produced under the title of "*Hernance, ou un an trop tard*," a comedy, in three acts. We are too much indebted to French dramatic authors to condemn lightly any of their productions, especially such as have braved successfully the ordeal of a Parisian

public; and our present expression of disapproval may even be considered presumptuous by those unacquainted with the physiologies of this same Parisian public. We have heard persons at the St. James' Theatre exclaiming against the vulgarity of actors, the unveiled indecency of others, the bold allusions and unblushing *equivokes* of occasional dialogues, and jumping immediately to the conclusion that the French are a vulgar, immoral, and vicious people. Alas for ignorance! for it is nothing better. The Parisian public, thus flippantly condemned, is infinitely subdivided into opposing *cliques* and *coteries*; and it surely is a hard case that the whole body corporate should sustain the odium of a particular part diseased. In respect to musical matters, the *habitué* of the *Opera Italien* is scarcely ever to be seen at the *Académie de Musique*, while the latter is as rarely a visitor at the *Opera Comique*. Each has its votaries. The *habitué* of the Italian and French operas may, perhaps, condescend to visit the *Opera Comique* on extraordinary occasions; but the subscriber to the latter is never, by any chance, to be seen at the former. And so it is with the minor theatres—the *Vaudeville*, the *Variétés*, the *Palais Royal*, *Gymnase*, and *Porte St. Martin*. Persons in high society would as soon dream of going to Mr. Richardson's theatre in Bartholomew Fair-time, as to frequent any of these haunts of the people. This may, in some measure, account for our condemnation of a piece which has succeeded at the *Vaudeville*, but which by no means suits the fashionable and select audience of the St. James' Theatre. Independent of the classification of Parisian taste, however, *Hermance* is a sorry affair after all. The plot—bless your soul, there is no plot, or at least none that our ingenuity can trace. We shall, however, try to make something out of this chaos of mock-sentiment, served up under the name of *Comédie Melée de Chant*. However, reader, you shall judge for yourself.

We begin by presenting to your notice three sisters—Hermance, Valéria and Odélie. Valéria is the wife of Alfred de Selcourt; but the latter has been forced into this marriage by his mother, the Dowager Countess de Selcourt, a self-willed, proud old woman, who, by some authority unexplained by the dramatist, disposes of the hands of the three sisters absolutely, and beyond appeal. Nevertheless, the said Count Alfred de Selcourt had previously formed a violent attachment for Hermance, but failed to obtain her hand, for no other reason than because the Dowager Countess had formed a match between her and a certain Alvarès d'Orcand, a Spanish nobleman. So we have two lovers, violently attached to the same woman, and who in despair cross the frontier and volunteer their swords to the opposing causes of Don Carlos and the Constitution. The Count, hearing that Hermance is about to be forced by her mother into a marriage with Alvarès, arrives in time to mar the ceremony, and carries the maiden off to Spain. The Spaniard follows in their track, and, at the passage of the Ebro, a duel takes place, in which the Count succumbs, and Hermance, in despair, throws herself into the torrent, and is given up for lost. She is saved, however, by a fisherman, or the *Comédie Melée de Chant* would be arrested in its course. This is somewhat extraordinary—not the *leap*, for young ladies have jumped off the Monument and Waterloo-bridge—but the *Fisherman*. What—as Molière has it, was he doing in the galère, or torrent? Never mind—Hermance is saved, that's a comfort—and now we have them all united by the excellent management of Madame Ancelot, at the cha-

teau of the Count de Selcourt. Marriage has cooled him down, and he begins to return his wife's affection, very properly, when Hermance appears, who is ignorant of the marriage, although she has been wandering about the environs of the *chateau* for more than a fortnight, and has been the occasion of another duel between her two lovers, who are both wounded. She throws confusion into the, up to this moment, happy family. The Count and she meet, and *after* a very tender scene—it would have been more proper *before*—he informs her of his marriage and faints away. Something quite new, even in French dramatic literature! Hermance resolves to fly, and is crossing the garden under the protection of Alvarès, when they are seen from the window by the Count and his mother, who fancy that the woman is Valéria. In vain a certain Madame Badouillet, who enters in the nick of time, takes the blame upon herself, and excites the violent jealousy of her husband, a retired grocer. A scene of confusion ensues, and the young Count insists upon all leaving the room. Then we have a scene between the Count and his wife, in which the latter declares her love for her husband, and excuses his previous attachment. The Count embraces her, swears eternal fidelity, and having recalled all hands, writes a note to Alvarès and Hermance, who are in the adjoining room, when both advance—the lady veiled, and gradually disappearing at the wings, and—that is all! There is an under-plot, involving a love affair between Odélie and Jules de Solin—a sort of make-up to lengthen the piece—the absurdities of a retired grocer, who disposes of some thirty-nine votes, *mirabile dictu!* and the still greater absurdities of his wife, who studies fashionable life in Paul de Kock's novels. She is the *Niais* of the piece, an indispensable adjunct of the modern theatre—supplying the place of the fools of the older dramatists—with the exception that the fool was wont to sparkle with jokes and sallies of wit, whilst the *Niais* is a double-distilled dolt of the dreariest significance.

Such is the outline of the piece we saw on Friday week. If it be indistinct and confused, it is no fault of ours. Hermance is one of the worst productions of a sickly, vapourish, milk-and-water school; and many were the signs of impatience which greeted its progress. Nothing but the excellence of the actors could have prevented an universal and simultaneous yawn from the audience, as though from one capacious jaw. There are too many pieces of real merit in the modern French School, to render the production of such trumpery as this either necessary or expedient. The acting, however, did much to redeem it. Madame Albert was admirable in Madame Badouillet, and made us believe she had actually read the entire series of Paul de Kock's amusing, if not always delicate, romances. The art of the performers turned a miserable caricature into a really funny original. And what shall we say to the charming Middle Martelleur, who was absolutely still charming in the maudlin sentimentality of Hermance? Her talent, so lady-like, spiritual, and full of expression, actually invested the absurd heroine of an absurd play, with considerable interest. While Middle Martelleur was speaking, we forgot that Hermance was a nonentity. We beheld in her an elegant female—with a face handsome from its pleasant idiosyncrasy, and a smile full of the deepest intelligence—uttering a string of sentimental *niaiseries*, with a certain grace and coquettish *finesse*, that robbed them of more than half their stupidity, and seemed to convey some meaning to phrases that had none. This was the triumph of art, and deserved the tribute we once more are glad to pay to the sterling talent and fine apprecia-



tion of Mdlle. Martelleur, an *artiste* not yet thoroughly understood at the St. James's Theatre—although lauded in intellectual and educated circles, as one of the most refined and accomplished actresses of the modern French stage. But we have said enough of Madame Ancelot's *Hernance, ou un an trop tard*—which, if there be anything in it, has certainly come to us *un an trop tot*. J. de C.

DRURY LANE.—Macfarren's *Don Quixote* has made its fourth representation. The success of this opera is a triumph for English classical music. It will be performed four times next week, in consequence of its increasing attraction. Every artist who resides in the country should come to town to hear it. Of the successful new *ballet*, produced on Thursday, we shall speak next week.

PRINCESS'S.—Macready in *Richelieu*, and the characters we have already spoken of, continues to fill the house to the ceiling. A long article on *Richelieu* is in preparation.

HAYMARKET.—Miss Cushman performed *Romeo*, for the last time, on Wednesday. Last night, she represented *Ion*, in the tragedy, so called, by Sergeant Talfourd. A detailed account, with the conclusion of the *Romeo and Juliet* notices, in our next.

### Foreign Intelligence.

PARIS (from our own Correspondent.) At the second Concert of the *Conservatoire*, we had Haydn's Symphony in G, No. 42; Beethoven's in D, No. 2; the March and Chorus of *Dervishes*, from the *Ruins of Athens*; and a Fantasia on the flute by M. Dorus, the brother of Madame Dorus Gras, besides an *Offertorium* of Jomelli, for five principal parts, with chorus. The new Opera of Halévy, *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, has been produced with success, at the *Opera Comique*. The Drama is by St. Georges. The music is pure Halévy—by which you will understand, very dull. It is altogether vapid and trifling. M. Halévy is very fond of displaying such learning as he possesses, and intrudes it everywhere—in his choruses—in his ballads—in his concerted pieces. As it is a very equivocal sort of learning, the effect is to mar rather than enhance the value of his exceedingly meagre ideas. The overture is noisy trash of the worst kind. How easy it is to acquire a name in Paris! Mons. Halévy is one of the foremost professors at the *Conservatoire*, and has the repute of being a very learned and accomplished musician. The pretended connoisseurs rate him much higher than Auber!! It is said that he wrote all the examples in Cherubini's book on Counterpoint, which will explain the apparent inconsistency of the examples violating the rules, in almost every instance. The singers in *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, performed their duties excellently; above all, Roges and Mdlle. Darcier. The others were Mdlle. Lavoyé and M. M. Mocker and Hermann Léon. The *mise-en scene* and costumes were unexceptionable—the orchestra was perfect. Ole Bull, the violinist, has returned from America, covered with the glory he has acquired by well feasting and otherwise bribing the editors of the newspapers, who are more venal and corrupt in the United States, than they are even here in Paris; where anybody can be dubbed a celebrity by subscribing or presenting a M.S. composition to the proprietors of *La France Musicale*. Ole Bull brings news from Leopold de Meyer, the pianist, who, it appears, has hardly yet recovered from his mysterious indisposition. He has returned from Boston back to New York, the climate of the former town being unfavourable to his malady. During his illness he has composed several new pieces.

He will resume his musical tour in the provinces, as soon as his medical advisers will accord their permission. We have here a pianist who bids fair to outsmash the entire smasher of smashers—M. Goldschmidt, who gave a *soirée* lately, before a crowd of artists and amateurs. His execution is prodigious, but everything is sacrificed to it. His performance of passages of double notes is marvellous. The music of M. Goldschmidt is of the pattern generally in vogue among pianoforte lions—all sound and little sense, *beaucoup de bruit* and *peu de fruit*. France will put on mourning this season. The charming Madame Marie Pleyel is not coming, and the *Tarentelle* will not again intoxicate the musical ear of Paris. The disappointment is very great, and is the more bitterly felt since it is generally understood that London will be captivated by the song of this Circe of pianists. The Distin family have played before the King of the French in his private apartments, and also in presence of the Duc de Montpensier with great *éclat*, at a *matinée* given by M. Sax, inventor of the Saxhorns. Donizetti has gone to Nice with his physician—his health is in a very precarious state, and there are strong fears of an aberration of his reason. This gives great regret in Paris, where Donizetti's pleasant manners have secured him a host of friends. Balfe has returned, after a short trip to London, where he heard Macfarren's *Don Quixote*, and was appointed Signor Costa's successor at the Italian Opera, which of course you know better than I can tell you. Felicien David is at Marseilles, where he will dry up the moisture of the city with his *Desert Symphony*. Great curiosity is entertained by the Parisians about his new work, *Moïse*, which is reputed to be even larger than the other. Let us hope it may be less dull. The great judges here are a queer set—they laud David to the skies, and depreciate their really meritorious artists. But, as Voltaire consolatorily addressed Rameau, the musician :—

Rameau, les oreilles des grands  
Sont souvent de grandes oreilles.

Verdi has been very ill at Venice, which has deferred the representation of his new opera *Attila*, till the beginning of March. He is now convalescent. Balfe's opera is running a successful course. When shall we hear an opera by Macfarren in Paris? I will write again soon. M. M.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Salvi, the tenor, is all the rage at the Italian Opera here. He has made a great hit in the part of Fernand, in Donizetti's *La Favorite*. The Emperor applauded warmly, and the next day sent him 100,000 rubles by his chamberlain, as a slight reimbursement for the long and dangerous illness of which the climate of Russia had been the cause. This was the Emperor's first visit to the Opera since his return to the capital. Poor Madame Castellan is dead! A neglected cold is the assigned cause.

MADRID.—Emile Prudent, the pianist, has been turning the heads of the Spanish *dilettanti*. His concerts are crowded. He has played several times at Court. The Queen has made him a present of a valuable diamond pin, and General Narvaez of a gold chain ornamented with rubies.

TOULOUSE.—The direction of the theatre is vacant. The Government subvention of 50,000 francs, and the gratuitous tenure of the building, will be the privilege of any one who may choose to speculate in taking it for the years 1846, 1847, and 1848.

AMSTERDAM.—The *Desert* of David has been produced with success.

LYONS.—Thalberg, the pianist, is here, creating a *furor*. He had announced two concerts, but will in all probability give half-a-dozen.

BRUSSELS.—Prume, the violinist, unable to get up a concert in his native city, has decided upon quitting it for Madrid. Mad. D'Eichthal, the harpist, is here. Liszt has gone to Mons. The *Reunion Lyrique* gave a *matinée musicale* in the salons of M. Schott, which was well attended. C. L. Hanssens, the celebrated composer, will visit London this year. He will take with him a new symphony in A minor, which good judges pronounce a *chef d'œuvre*. Of course it will be performed by the London Philharmonic Society.—The editor of *La Belgique Musicale*, M. Auguste Gaussoin, died suddenly some few weeks ago. He was a man of great ability and learning, a clever musician, an excellent critic, a zealous enthusiast for all matters of art, and highly respected in all his private relations. His loss will be greatly deplored.

VIENNA.—Berlioz is still here.—After his fifth concert in the *Salle de la Redoute*, the Emperor of Austria sent him 100 ducats (about 50*l.*) for his box.

WEIMAR.—The Sisters Milanollo, violinists, are carrying all before them.—A concert is announced at which the celebrated Jenny Lind will assist. Every ticket is already sold at a high price. Liszt will shortly return and resume his duties as Kapellmeister.

### Provincial.

DUBLIN.—The first grand concert of the Anacreontic Society for the season was given in the Round-room of the Rotunda, on Tuesday evening, to a highly fashionable and very crowded audience. His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant and suite arrived soon after eight o'clock, and was received by a guard of honor and military band, and among the other personages present were the Duke of Leinster and family. There was not a little novelty as regarded the vocalists and leading performers in the concert, who, with the exception of Mr. Pigott, a host in himself, and Mr. Percival, were previously unknown to a Dublin audience. Although Mr. Wallace, the composer of *Maritana*, is an Irishman, his name has attained more than a local celebrity through his residence in the sister country. The programme of the concert was as follows:—

FIRST PART.—Overture, "Egmont," Beethoven; Terzetto, "Potegga il giusto cielo," Mozart, Madlle. Schloss, Miss Messent, and Mr. G. Cooke; Scena, from *Der Freischütz*, "Softly Sighs," Weber, Mdle. Schloss; Song, "Arise, bright golden Star of Day," *Curschman*, Mr. Grattan Cooke; Cavatina, "Robert toi que j'aime," Meyerbeer, Miss Messent; Grand Fantasia, Pianoforte, Variations di Bravura on the favourite Romance from the opera *L'Eclair*, with Orchestral accompaniments, composed and executed by W. V. Wallace; German Melodies, "The Distant Land," Henselt, "Maiden Gay," *Curschman*, Mdle. Schloss; Duet, Violoncello and Double Bass, "Andante and Giga," Corelli, Mr. Pigott and Mr. Percival; Duetto Pastorale, "Una candida columba," Gabuzzi, Mdle. Schloss and Miss Messent; Overture, "Gustave," Auber. PART SECOND.—Overture, "Maritana," Wallace, (first time in this country,) conducted by the composer; Ballad, "Scenes that are brightest," Wallace, Miss Messent; Fantasia, "Oboe," Cooke, Mr. Grattan Cooke; Duet, "Holy Mother," Wallace, Mdle. Schloss and Miss Messent; Rondo, "Al Desio," Mozart, Mdle. Schloss; Solo, Pianoforte, Brilliant Variations and Rondo Scherzoso on the Cracovienne, with Orchestral accompaniments, composed and executed by W. V. Wallace; Trio, "The Merry Elves," Smith, Mdle. Schloss, Miss Messent, and Mr. G. Cooke; Overture, "Andante and Allegro a la Bolero with Castinet Obligato," Mehul, Mr. Julian Adams. Conductor, Mr. J. Wilkinson; Leader, Mr. J. Barton.

Mademoiselle Schloss is an agreeable and finished singer, and her voice a soprano of good quality. Miss Messent, of the Royal Academy, is a careful and pleasing vocalist, and received a merited encore in Wallace's "Scenes that are brightest." The duet "Holy Mother," with Mademoiselle Schloss, was given by both with critical attention. Mr. Grattan Cooke sang *Curschman's* aria, "Arise, bright golden star of day," with good taste. His fantasia on the oboe was a finished performance. Mr. Wallace's fantasia with variations from the opera of *L'Eclair*, was played with the facile and brilliant touch of a gifted musician. But the great interest of the evening arose from the desire to hear the *Maritana*, and expectation was not disappointed. All that was taken from it displayed the resources of the musician with that happy vein of melody which no study can command; in the overture was a charming strain that floated through the whole, and the resources of the orchestra were well brought into play. The band executed the music with very good effect. The duet for violoncello and double-bass, by Mr. Pigott and Mr. Percival, received, as it deserved, a warm encore. The concert terminated at half-past eleven, and its results gave promise of a brilliant season.—From *Saunders's News-Letter*, Feb. 10.

### Reviews.

"Treatise on Harmony," by ALFRED DAY. (Cramer, Beale, and Co.)

(Continued from No. IV.)

Chap. 8.—*Second species of diatonic discords*—treats of dissonances that are essential parts of the chords to which they belong, chords of the 7, 9-7, augmented 5th, &c. and accounts very ingeniously and satisfactorily for the two ways of resolving a seventh—namely, on the chord of the fourth above, and on the chord of the second above, by proving the latter to be an inversion of the ninth. This chapter also discusses the suspension of complete chords, in a manner altogether original. The musical student is greatly indebted to Mr. Day for his lucid simplification of this subject, by reducing to a regular system the scattered and (hitherto) apparently incoherent principles of former theories; and, indeed, though he advances nothing absolutely new, he deserves much credit for placing in a novel and perspicuous light, what has long been familiar in practice.

Chap. 9.—*Third species of diatonic discords*—treats of discords of transition, or passing notes, and contains nothing further than a definition of the rules of the old contrapuntal theorists.

Chap. 10.—*Fourth species of diatonic discords*—treats of discords of double transition, at great length, and explains very intelligibly an endless variety of progressions that have utterly perplexed some theorists, while they have been altogether overlooked by others. To give any clear idea of the principles here laid down it would be necessary to quote the whole chapter. We can only, therefore, refer the reader to the work itself, which we do with the greatest satisfaction, since we find that it entirely carries out the practice of the great masters, whilst in its original points it explains and dilates upon established theories, without propounding new ones.

### Miscellaneous.

DON QUIXOTE.—(From the *Morning Post*, Feb. 9.)—A second hearing of Mr. Macfarren's new opera has strengthened our opinion of its merits. It is rare now-a-days to find a musical dramatic work that does not deteriorate on close inspection. The excitement of a first representation is too prone to throw dust in the critic's eyes, and blind him to the merits of the case. Rhythm is mistaken for melody, eccentricity for idea, and noise for grandeur. It is fair to Mr. Macfarren to record the opposite effect produced by his *Don Quixote*. It is a work written on legitimate principles, and requires no artifice to make it pass current. A first hearing discloses only a part of its beauties, which are not the meaner for being coy of too sudden appreciation. The overture is just what it aspires to be—the prelude to a comic opera. It overflows with vivacity and spirit. The subjects are well contrasted, and developed with the science of a master. Their freshness and animation prepare the mind to enjoy what follows. Some of our contemporaries have lauded the overture to *Don Quixote* because it involves none of the *motivi* employed in the opera. They must withdraw their fiat of approval. The first subject is to be found *notatim* in the balcony duet, between *Quiteria* and *Basilius*. The second is the theme of a romance—"I quit my pillow"—given to *Basilius* in the wedding scene. But the great features of the opera are the two *finales*. The first is a very admirable specimen of continuous writing, fruitful in melodic phrases, and abounding in dramatic interest. The orchestra is handled with consummate skill. Though very long, it is never dull,



which results from the symmetry of its construction. The second *finale* is less continuous, but more easily appreciable by the unlearned. The *Bolero*, the *Bridal Chorus*, the *Anacreontic*, the *Hymn*, the *Romance*, the *Sestet*, the *Dénouement*, and the *Rondo*, form an agreeable succession of distinct movements, which the art of the composer has skillfully blended into a complete whole. Many beads, which make one rosary—if we may be allowed the figure. In this the fancy of the composer is brightly manifest; but his genius and scholarship are more capably evidenced in the other. In both we remark a vivid feeling for dramatic colour. From among the solitary gems of the opera must be singled out the delicious cavatina, "Ah, why do we love?" the beauty of which is a good answer to the question, since what is lovely must perforce be loved; and the chorus of *Sancho's* tormentors, in the triumph scene, which unites the sparkling animation of Auber to a loftier art-ideal. The march in C major, also in this scene, must not be overlooked. It is grand without effort, and instrumented to perfection. The composer, nevertheless, had found the trumpet passage in Mozart's "Non Più Andrai," very troublesome while writing this march, for he has adopted it unceremoniously in his score. Mr. Macfarren directs the orchestra without a score, (as he did Mendelssohn's *Antigone* at Covent Garden), an effort of memory that is very uncommon. On the second performance of *Don Quixote* not one bar of the music was omitted, an instance of unassailable completeness almost without parallel. Ordinarily, one-fifth at least of the music of a new opera is found advisable to be excised. *Don Quixote* is the only opera in our experience of things musical that finishes before the advent of the half-price gentry. If merely that it is the work of a clever compatriot, we are pleased in recording its success; but we are still more pleased that its merits have fully warranted that success, no less than our candid and entire approval.

OUR TALENTED COUNTRYMAN, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, being about to visit London, has announced a farewell concert in Paris. This gentleman is a consummate pianist, and what is more, an intellectual and accomplished musician. His studies, in two books, recently published by Wessel and Co., have raised him high in the estimation of the cognoscenti. We understand that he has received an invitation to perform at Mr. Moscheles' first "Matinée Musicale," to take place on 20th.

ITALIAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.—The rumour that Covent Garden Theatre was taken for the purpose of organising a second Italian Opera has vanished into air. We had small faith in it when it was rifest in the public mind. We hear all kinds of reasons stated for the dissolution of the new opera scheme. The most amusing of them is as follows:—Signor Persiani, though more celebrated as the husband of his lady than as the composer of his operas, has no mean opinion of his dramatic works. Signor Costa, more renowned as the wielder of a baton than as the concoctor of partitions, has equally no trifling notion of his gifts as an inventor of music for the theatre. Naturally enough, then, the first idea of Sig. P. in taking Covent Garden, was to make the English public acquainted with the opera of 'Il Fantasma.' Not less naturally the primary notion of Sig. C. in adding his name to the scheme, was the introduction of the opera of 'Malek Adel' to a Covent Garden audience. Now, as Signor P. wrote 'Il Fantasma,' and as Signor C. wrote 'Malek Adel,' it is not surprising that Signor P. preferred 'Il Fantasma' to 'Malek

Adel,' or that Signor C. preferred 'Malek Adel' to 'Il Fantasma.' Thus it was, that both wanted their operas produced first. But both could not be first, without reversing an axiom—two things cannot at the same time be in the same place. This raised a difficulty. Neither Signor P. nor Signor C. would yield his prior claim. And thus the golden dreams of the speculators faded away—reason re-usurped its place, and in the mad notion of rivalling the great establishment the Haymarket has gone to the tomb of the Capulets. *Requiescat in pace!*—*Court Journal*.

MENDELSSOHN'S ANTIGONE.—On Tuesday night, the lyric tragedy of Sophocles' *Antigone* was read by Mr. C. Kemble, in the picture-gallery at Buckingham Palace, before her Majesty, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Royal Circle, &c. For this purpose a stage was erected at the south end of the gallery, on which Mr. Kemble sat, with the chorus ranged on each side of him; on the floor was the orchestra, composed of her Majesty's private band, conducted by Mr. Anderson, and beside him sat the author of the English version, Mr. Bartholomew, who read the speaker's part of the chorus, by which means the dramatic interest of the piece was rendered more effective, and more nearly resembling the antique mode of its performance. The music of Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy was admirably executed by the band and a select chorus.

MR. TURNER AND THE PRESS.—The degraded condition of art-literature in this country could hardly be better exemplified than by the following extract from the columns of a highly influential morning paper. It is from a critique, in the notice of the British Institution, on one of the wonderful pictures of the greatest and most poetical of all landscape painters:—

"Upon Mr. Turner's single production, 'Queen Mab's Cave,' which is to be found occupying a post of honour in the north room, we are at a loss to utter a word. Mr. Turner is, undoubtedly, the least abused painter of the day, not having a single critic who feels inclined to break a lance in defence of the monstrous absurdities with which he covers good canvass. To convey a definite idea of 'Queen Mab's Cave' would be impossible. Out of an atmosphere of whipped cream emerges a shape in sperm sugar, bearing the form of an arch. Beneath this arch lies the cave—at least, so we presume—illuminated by the aid of a few Vauxhall lights. Let the visitor register his own *viva voce* opinion of this picture. To waste ink and the space of a morning journal in writing our opinion upon such trash would, indeed, be a grave piece of extravagance, and we therefore forego it. We fear Mr. Turner fancies that because his pictures attract gazers, that they gather to admire. Let him depend on this, however, that those who gaze look but to wonder, and they who wonder, wonder but to sneer."

The iniquitous unfaithfulness of the critique is only surpassed by its unblushing effrontery and ignorance. Is it not monstrous that the pages of a great and widely-circulated paper should be made the receptacle of such insane and impudent trash? The fellow who wrote it deserves whipping. He has no respect for genius. But, indeed, how could it be expected of one so utterly brainless and conceited? It was thus that ignorant blockheads of yore were wont to defoul the sublime inspirations of Beethoven—the posthumous quartets.

MADAME PLEYEL.—The arrival of this celebrated artist, *la reine du piano—et le roi aussi*—is anxiously anticipated by the musicians and amateurs of London, who are eager to pay homage to her distinguished talents. We hope soon to be able to name the precise day on which the charming pianist will, for the first time, put her foot upon the shores of Albion—"perfidie Albion!" M. Mock, her respected father, with whom she constantly resides, will accompany Madame Pleyel to England.

**MR. ALLCROFT'S CONCERT.**—We cannot understand the principle of a grand concert in which the concert-giver takes no part whatever. With as much propriety might John Parry, or Henry Russell, advertise an exhibition of paintings, as Mr. Allcroft announce a musical performance for his own benefit. On Monday night was Mr. Allcroft's ninth annual grand concert. The first question is—who is Mr. Allcroft? On scanning the programme, involving no less than forty pieces of music, executed by nearly thirty artists of eminence, we cannot find that gentleman's name. On enquiry of those about us, we cannot learn that Mr. Allcroft is either a singer, an instrumentalist, or a composer. Nobody knows anything about him. We are obliged to conclude, then, that either Mr. Allcroft has no connection with the musical profession, or that his acquirements are so scanty, that he is ashamed to make his appearance at his own benefit-concert. In either case—we say it advisedly—he has no right whatever to thrust himself before the public as a musical character; and those distinguished artists, who, for the consideration of pelf, lend themselves to the furtherance of a mere shop-speculation, have not duly considered the position in which they place themselves before their professional associates and the public generally. We have reason to know that several musical artists of high standing have, on more than one occasion, refused to assist in this annual speculation. They have refused on a principle that is refutation-tight—a principle involving equally the respectability of the profession, and the exclusive rights dwelling, justly, in a special and expensive education. If Mr. Moscheles, or Mr. Sterndale Bennett, were to announce lectures upon comparative anatomy, they would undoubtedly expose themselves to universal ridicule, even though they handsomely paid for the services of competent lecturers for the occasion. This is precisely the case of Mr. Allcroft, who has given—to complete the figure—nine “grand” lectures on comparative anatomy, without knowing the difference between comparative anatomy and positive electricity. This, the worst species of shop-jobbing, calls loudly for reform. The theatre was filled to the ceiling on Monday night. As we have said, there were forty pieces of music, executed by thirty artists of celebrity. We shall not particularize their names, since we cannot conscientiously approve of their countenancing an affair so thoroughly unartist-like. A “grand concert,” too, in which there was not one grand piece of music out of the forty which constituted the programme! *Credat Judeus!* We live in queer times.

**MR. HOWARD GLOVER,** the well-known composer, son of the celebrated actress, has just returned from Paris, where he has been staying some time for the purpose of hearing and studying the voice of Madlle. Nau, who is to sustain the principal character in his forthcoming opera at the Princess's, entitled “*The Coquette*.” We are gratified to hear that the charming vocalist has expressed herself highly pleased with both the part and the music of Mr. Glover's opera, which in all likelihood will be the first musical novelty at the excellent establishment of Mr. Maddox. During his sojourn in Paris, Mr. Glover made the acquaintance of the celebrated Stephen Heller, who expressed a high esteem for the talent of our young countryman. We are likely to have a visit from Stephen Heller this season. He will be received with open arms by the musicians of Great Britain, who will be forward to appreciate his very distinguished acquirements.

**CHARLES GLOVER'S HEBREW MELODIES.**—We shall review these clever compositions, the perusal of which has afforded us infinite pleasure, in our next number.

**MISS DOLBY.**—It is pleasant to have to record the success of our native artists in foreign lands. While some of our fair countrywomen are now in Italy, joining their strains to those of the daughters of the south, Miss Dolby has just returned from Germany, where she has experienced the reception which her talents so justly deserve. She was engaged by Mendelssohn for a series of concerts at Leipsic; and, on the termination of her engagement, she had a farewell benefit concert, when the room was crowded to excess. As a proof of the estimation in which she was held in Leipsic, it may be mentioned, that Mendelssohn, on the above occasion, played one of his concertos on the pianoforte—David, a concerto on the violin, and all the singers of the theatre sang for her, Miss Dolby was called before the audience no fewer than three times; and, when she made her final curtsy, she was cheered and applauded to the very echo. She arrived in London three or four days ago.—*John Bull.*

**SIGNOR CAMILLO SIVORI** is accompanying M. Jullien on a tour through the provinces. We have received accounts of brilliant concerts at Oxford and other places.

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